start and communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

M'FLUFFEY'S CANOE.

My boatman laughed loud at a man on the shore,
With habiliments proud and assurance galore,
And a manner that sought the idea to convey
That he may be had bought the whole river that

day; Said my shrewd Irish lad, as a quick glance he threw:
*He remoinds me, bedad, of McFluffey's canoc.

"Oh, McFluffey was 'there,' in competithive sail; He could show his back hair in the caim or the

gale; He was absent upon any spot but firrst place. Till he enthered the John J. O'Flannagan race! Which it tore him all down, and then shwept him up, too, Wid some frinds who now frown on McFluffey's

"For he'd said: 'I'll hew out a new boat, loike

as not,
"That will shtroll all about ivery craft yez have got; And her patthern I'll kape to mesilf, good or

For the crayture I'll shape in me cellar, bedad. I'll be maker, desoigner, an' captain an' crew; An' there'll not be a foiner'n McFluffey's canoe.

"So this promising craft in his cellar he shaped, An' he chuckled an' laughed, an' he pounded an schraped: An' his dry-dock was wet wid the shmell of ould

But we niver could get a free pass to go in.

And he says: 'Cork yer eyes, till the prope An' you'll have a surprise from McFluffey's

"An' the race day did lind a fair breeze an bright sun,
An we backed our ould frind about twinty to

one;
An' we pitied the fate of the others affoat, uted: 'Jist wait for McFluffey's nev

An' he says: 'She's as stanch as me frinds are. an' true; So step down an' help launch ould McFluffey's

"An' we shouted: 'All right!' an' went down wid a grin,
An' we pushed our sails tight wid a pull at the An' the boat stood all fresh an' all fine as could

be;
Oh! a firrst-class professional beauty was she!
An' his shwatcheart had sewed a grane flag
trimmed wid blue,
An' her name had bestowed on McFluffey's

"An' we lifted hur clane on our shoulders, in

pairs— The boat, sure, I mune-an' descinded up shtairs; But the boat was too great--sure the door was too shmall-

An' we couldn't get the crayture evicted at all Not a door could be slammed that the craft would sail through, An' we stood there becalmed wid McFluffey's

"Saw the floor! smash the wall! blow the roo off! he cried: But nothing at all would admit her outside:

An' Mac shwelled up in girth, an' blasphemed himself sick, An' then prayed for an' earthquake to come an' Stone an' brick would not mind it, for all we

could do.
An' the race left behind it McFluffey's cance! "His shwatcheart the shock drove with rage

'most insune, An' she stamped through the dock when he thried to explain; An' she said: 'Look a-there!' wid the rage in

The Bridget O'Flaherty is winning my race! You desaved me, ye elf!' an' her words fairly flew:
"Now be off wid yerself an' your dirthy canoe!

"Now when a man brings me a high moighty Concernin' big things he is goin' to bring round

An' thanks his good stars he is winnin' the day, Forgettin' the bars that men find in their way, I say, wid siy laughther: 'Your pride ye may You're a-modelin' afther McFluffey's canoe."

"An' when a man linds all his plans to himself,

An' lays all his frinds for awhile on the shelf, An' thinks he knows twice all there is to An' the outside advice will be lettin' alone,

I says: 'If your pride to a point yez don't hew.
You'll be taken' a ride in McFluffey's cance.'"

- Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

A MISTAKE.

Which of Two Young Men Was It That Made It.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a fine breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in, it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers, or burrowed for its own safety in their ears or nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankehap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man-on a second look, he was probably not over fifty-with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouched felt hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but wellfitting, and who was well-gloved and well-shod. The observer would set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter, who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. Two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed, and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a hand-bag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was anther young man, not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not as handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?" The young man looked up, curled

his lip superciliously and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly remov-

"then I'll occupy it until he comes And he seated himself accordingly,

while the young man glared at him. The one on the other side looked mused; and then, rising, said: "You ter confine myself to it." had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply, and the exchange was quietly ef-

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said the other, in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already

The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking-car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a

pocket flask. "No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather too fiery for me."
"Here goes alone then. That's as fine brandy as every crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye to my traps,

will you? and don't give up my seat to

every country yokel who asks it." The elegant young gentleman shook himself, and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumiga-

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and ad-

dressed Bolling. "Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?"

"That is his name, sir," replied the young man, "but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though we live in the same place, and I know him very well.

"May I inquire where he is from?" "Yes, sir; Careysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir. "His father should deal with him. It

would be quite in his line." "Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproach-ful voice, as those near by who heard the colloquy tittered.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the

farmer. The old man who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well-informed. Bolling was glad of the conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw that the young lady was interested, and he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance-an unmistakable impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions. Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenuous, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of the law; but that and having two young daughters to to support himself, abandoning his hour." aw studies, and taking a situation as salesman in a country store in Griffton, a thriving town about five miles from the main line

"I get but a beggarly pay, of course,' said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased.'

"You are rather a singular person, said the farmer, bluffly. "Most young men would have talked of their salary.

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary-the terms are indifferent to motion awhile; "I want to talk with "My place is within a mile of Griff-

said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard, in his time?"

"Yes, sir, and so was I. We are alumni of the same school.' "I wonder if he remembers his old chum there-one George Carter-George St. Leger Carter, they have it

on the rolls. "Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffton. Do you know him?"

"Um! ye-es! After a fashion."
"Papa!" whispered the young girl; but Bolling's quick ear caught her words; "I know the Judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her father, in the same tone. "I am told," resumed the young man, "that he has left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to von. "Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store I had better accommodate myself to my posi- had such good times in the eld days. tion. The Judge, even if he remem- How long did you read law, Bolling?" bered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome ing the gripsack and overcoat, and addition to his family circle as a

placing them on the young man's lap; visitor. He is rich; and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who wor'd, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had bet-

"Possibly you are right. But how

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no I want a clerk to manage my office, doubt he will. But I am only in his and to boss around while I am off on way, or I would have remained.
"Have you ever thought of trying

farming? "No, sir. I have no capital and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?" "Not a bit more; but, you see, I am

paid something there while I learn." "Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffton, toodoes he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the Judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the Judge's daughter. Though that is impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good eatch." "

"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy. I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be left unspoken."

The conversation turned into other channels. But the old farmer still pursued his queries in the most artful way. There is a strong thirst for information in the rural mind, but in this instance it seemed to be personal.

At last the elegant Jim Poulder came back from the smoking-car with a strong nicotian aroma shedding itself from his person. He brought something more with him. His voice had that thickness which told of the draining of his pocket-flask. He was jolly and confidential. "Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to

have left you so long. Been bored to death for want of company, haven't von? "Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleas-

ant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."
"Genial! Well, of all the queer

chaps for picking up all low acquaintance, you beat 'em and give 'em six in the game." "Ssh! They'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffton at once."

"I sha'n't. I'll lie over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come over tomorrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll his father having met with reverses, have a good time among the cheese and candles. I intend to look in ou you educate, the young man determined to before I leave, and see how doth the make his burden less, and had set out little busy bee improve each shining

"Thank you: you're very kind." The brakeman craned his neck in the door, and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grittin Juxsh'n," which the experienced ear understood to be Griffton Junction, and the travelers for that point left the cars. Poulder made his way, with his luggage, to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daugh ter, followed by Bolling, made theirs to the single car, with a little superanuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter and didn't intend to de-

"Yes, sir." "Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders?"

"I trust, sir, that I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write to him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I-" "You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who

I am." "Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was about."

"Thank you, Philps. That'll do. Now, Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocket-book.

"If you'll permit me," said the Judge, as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! had such good times in the old days. "A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?" "Very much indeed, sir." "Whom did you read with?"

"Spence and Sullivan." "Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy; that's his way. Now, I've been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think came your father to lose his money? I you'll do. Let old Bragg find another thought he inherited a fine fortune." salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar, unless they change their ways. and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salarynot too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to it?"

"Say to it, sir. What can I say but ves, and thank you for the offer. "Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there's our carriage. Give your checks to John there, and he'll bring your luggage to the house, along with ours. Show your gallantry, and hand Lucy into the carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day, James Poulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters' in a state of elegance, only matched by that of Captain Cuttle's famous watch -never equaled, and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady, whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the Judge came in, the young man's recognition of the farmer in the cars was complete. He stam-mered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," the Judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you, meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration. "Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business.

"I've changed my mind," replied Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out, and then took the cars to Careysburg. Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership. He had gone into another partnership, just before he left. He in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter, that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.-Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.

WOMEN IN HOLLAND.

A Country Where Men Are Singularly Dis-

Before spending twenty-four hours in a Holland family it is plainly seen that here at least man is lord of all he surveys and that woman is a secondary consideration-a poor second at that. The first thing observed is that no Dutch gentleman (and this word is used advisedly) when walking on the sidewalk will move out of his way for a lady; the woman turns out into the road invariably, and the danger and muddiness of the street makes no difference. The male biped keeps the pave always. The "place aux dames' understood and acted upon in all other countries can not be translated into

Dutch, there being no place for it here. The ladies of Holland are principally to blame for much that is rude and uncouth in gentlemen's behavior; they regard a man as something terrible, and act as if believing that the masculine community go about like roaring lions. They seem afraid to look a man in the face or they might observe by the ear-extensions that not all the stronger sex are carnivorous.

In accordance with the roaring lion idea ladies unescorted must not pass a club, and yet the frequenters of clubs in the day time are principally raw youths of an exceedingly non-hirsute appearance, and it looks idiotic to see ladies go out of their way two or even three squares to avoid being gazed at by club habitues. In Utrecht, the ultra-aristocratic city of this land, where every other house covers a nobleman's family, these prim restrictions are carried to an even greater extent. The lovely boulevards are a pride to the city, and it is the fashion, when ladies take a promenade, to drop into a confectioner's to eat "taatjes" or drink chocolate in the small, cozy rooms adjoining these shops. When a bevy of Holland's fair ones, intent upon sweetmeats, unluckily find the room occupied by one or more of the masculine persuasion, a retreat is made for the street door, which looks unladylike and undignified.

To expect that gentlemen would pay those delicate little attentions to the fairer sex, such as turning the leaves of music, handing a chair, etc., as is done in America, would be erroneous. Conversing with several ladies and gentlemen at an evening party, and wishing to use a book lying on the piano in the back parlor, I politely requested a young gentleman to bring it. The look of absolute bewilderment that appeared on his physiognomy showed me that in some unknown manner I had committed an offense. He did by a Holland lady.-Cor. Milwankes

ENGLAND IN FRYPT

How the British Government Secured a Hold on the Nile Country. In 1878 the Khedive Ismail, by rash efforts to inaugurate public improvements and other extravagances, had increased the National debt to \$485 .-000,000. It was not possible to extort even the interest of this vast debt from his already impoverished subjects, and Egyptian credit was so impaired that additional foreign loans to meet the annual deficit in the revenues could no longer be obtained. This large debt being held mostly in England and France, Ismail handed over the financial administration of his Government to these two Powers, and they established what was known as the "Anglo-French Control." Two Controllers-General were sent by these countries to take up their residence in Egypt, there to superintend the collection and disbursement of the revenue. The Khedive was not pleased with their conduct of affairs, however, and in April, 1879, he arbitrarily dismissed them. The European Powers then interfered and forced Ismail to abdicate his throne in favor of his son Mehemet Tewfik, and the joint control was restored. It was very unpopular with the people, however, and gave the most important pretext for the rebellion of 1881, headed by Arabi Bey. England and France then sent a joint fleet to Alexandria to uphold up the authority of the Khedive, and to protect European residents in Egyptian cities, who were the especial objects of the popular hatred. January 11, 1881, there was a massacre of the Christians at Alexandria, The English now determined to open fire on the insurgents; the French would not take part in the attack, and, therefore, on the 11th of June, Alexandria was bombarded by order of the English commander. This attack was followed by the landing of the British force, which, acting in the interest of the Khedive, overthrew the rebellion of Arabi, and restored peace and order. The joint control was now understood to be abolished, and England established an army of occupation in Egypt, which, however, she distinctly declared, should only remain there as long as it was needed to secure the permanency of the Khedive's Government. Lord Dufferin was sent to Egppt in the fall of 1882 to reorganize the legislative branch of the Government. and prepared a constitution which was accepted by the Khedive, and put in force by his decree. During the disturbance in the Soudan, the Powers generally made no objection to England's occupation of Egypt, but when that trouble was over France began to interpose objections, and demand guarantees for her claims against that country. In 1885, a financial scheme was drawn up by the Powers, under which the credit of the Government has been greatly improved. Some arrangement pointing to a withdrawal of troops has een under consideration by the British Government for some time, as it is generally understood that a continued occupations will not be sanctioned by the Powers.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

Millions of Plants and Flowers Sold Annually in the United States.

The sale of roses in this country amounts to fully 1,000,000 plants a year at the present time. There are no statistics by which the exact number can be learned, but a knowledge of the extent of cultivation by the principal propagators enable us to estimate roughly as above stated. The probability is that the annual sale exceeds considerably rather than falls short of this amount. These plants are almost wholly raised on their own roots, as budded plants, which at one time were quite common, have fallen into disrepute and will now scarcely command a purchaser. The popular judgment in this respect is no doubt right, and will be sustained. Budded plants, except with some weak growing varieties, will never again be in vogue, and the number of excellent varieties of vigorous growth is so great that delicate growers will be disearded for this fault alone, no matter what other good qualities they may

possess. The rose is the most highly prized, and, next to the geranium, the most generally cultivated flowering plant. These remarks apply to amateur cultivation. Professional florists make rose-growing a very prominent part of their business, and immense quantities of flowers are raised during the winter season for cutting. The statement is made by a competent authority that in 1885 "the trade sold 24,000,000 cut roses." This indicates, to some extent the popularity of this particular flower. - Vick's Magazine.

-To make positive copies of drawings, coat suitable paper with a two per cent. solution of bichromate of ammenia, to which a little grape sugar has been added, and dry in the dark The paper containing the drawing is laid upon it and exposed to the light until the prepared paper has assumed a gray color; now dip into a one per cent, solution of nitrate of silver, onetenth of the volume of which consists of acetic acid. The positive image developed thereby consists of bichromate of silver, which becomes dark brown on drying .- Boston Budget.

-After a heated debate in Congress, one of the members turned to another whom he had expected would help him. and said: "Why didn't you help us out? bring it, but quietly informed me that You never opened your mouth once such a request had never been made during the entire debate." "Oh, yes, I did. I yawned through your whole bring in unwelcome speech," was the reply—N. Y. Ledger, Ives, in N. Y. Tribuns.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

-Wild mint scattered about the

ouse will rid it of rats and mice. -Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar will mark sheep so that it will remain a year and not injure the wool

as do tar and paint. -To remove mildew, rub common vellow soap on the damaged article, and then salt the starch on that. Rub well and put out in the sunshine.

-Steady application is what counts in any business, especially in farming. for in this employment a day, or ag hour wasted is usually more than loss of time, for it is opportunity gone.

-Pickled Eggs. - Boil in a kettle one quart of vinegar, half dozen cloves, one dozen allspice, one teaspoon pepper and one tablespoon mustard, and pour over one dozen hard-boiled eggs, previously shelled and placed in a jar. - Chicago Herald. -A scientific writer tells how water

can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt. We have known a man to write a few lines on & sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years. - Christian at Work -One poultry raiser protects his

hens from lice by suspending over each hen a small bag of thin muslin filled with flour of sulphur, so that the hen will knock it in getting on and off the nest, or it may be occasionally shaken over her.

-Ben: Perley Poore used to say that if farmers would thrive, they must change their policy. They must con-centrate their labor, they must give to a few acres the care now usually bestowed on many, and if necessary to do this they must diminish their farms.

-Yeast Corn Cakes. -To one quart of warm water, add one cup of flour and enough meal to make a thin batter, one half cup of dried home-made yeast soak well, then add to the batter. Let stand over night; then add salt and a little soda; bake on a hot griddle and you will have an excellent breakfast cake. - Exchange.

-To those who may not be familiar with collie dogs it may be stated that they will not drive sheep or cattle unless first trained to do so, though the supposition on the part of some is that such dogs perform the work by natural instinct. They are more easily taught to drive stock than any other breed of dogs, but they will not do so unless taught.-Indianapolis Journal.

-Quick Sponge Cake.-Take four eggs (yelks and whites separate), one cupful of pulverized sugar, one cupful flour and a pinch of salt. Beat the yelks of the eggs with the sugar; add the whites, and beat in the floor very lightly, and only just enough to mix it through, for longer beating makes it tough. Bake it in one loaf in a moders ate oven, keeping the heat steady, This is the most quickly and easily made of all sponge cake. - Indianapse lis Sentinel.

MANURE AND WEEDS.

A Good Argument in Favor of Buying

Stable Manure for the Farm It is very practicable for farmers who live near city or village to furnish citizens with hay, straw, oats and the like, and then draw back to their farms at least fertility enough to produce as much more, and thus sustain their soil. But some will not avail themselves of this resource, for fear of introducing weeds or foul grasses in their fields. It commendable for every husbandman is to be certain as to the purity of the seeds he uses and to use every means to avoid all foul growth, still this method of increasing his supply of manure does not necessarily involve any risk to the farmer, so far as such foul seed is concerned, for by thoroughly rotting the manure, the germs of grain or seeds in it will be destroyed. The plan of making the manure fine before applying it to the land, I think, will fully pay for the labor. However, ase for myself, since learning by experience how effectually good tillage will insure clean culture on any land regardless of its past management, and also the increased producing value of short manure, and its greater strength before this fermenting and rotting than afterward, for years I ran all the hay, straw and stalks used both for feeding and bedding through the cutting machine and applied the raw manure directly to the

As for weeds, so long as it is ordained that "thorns and thistles" shall infest the ground we will be quite sure to have some of them to contend with any way; and with all hoed crops the tilling for subduing one weed to the square foot would kill a hundred just the same; or, as I prefer to put it, the tillage required for the best development of the plant we are tilling will necessarily check all other growth, whether it be ten or ten thousand-weeds to each hill tilled. In using my barnyard manure in this way I was satisfied that it could be handled and applied enough easier and better to more pay for the labor of cutting the fodder, saying nothing of its advantages for feeding. But although it was more agreeable to use, and seemed to do more good, still I did not hesitate to buy and use what I could get readily, asking no questions as to what it was made from, and only fearing I could not get enough. One good argument in favor of buying stable manure for the farm is that we see many of our best farmers doing it, and their farms are quite as clean and free from weeds as their neighbors' who use only from their own barnyards; and those who buy and use the most seem to take the least heed as to whether they might thus bring in unwelcome weeds - Henry